



# Sutures and tea reading



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

A high pitched shrill scream broke the awkward silence that presided over the small party of 3 that sit in Lily's living room. "That will be the tea. Please excuse me I will be back shortly." She said sweetly to her two visibly uncomfortable guests. Lily quickly took note of them a man and woman very similar features, she scrutinized on their bone structures and eye color. But the 2 were unaware of her scrutiny, because before they would even noticed she would be halfway out of the room. "And do please make yourself comfortable" She said a bit louder still looking and walking into the kitchen.

What will these people want? Lily wondered. I mean I know I am supposed to be a psychic, but they can't even drop a vague hint as to what the reason they are paying for her divination. It surely is important, else they wouldnt feel so nervous about bringing it up. Thats what this was- nerves.

Lily had seen her fair share of skeptics suspicion sealing their lips tight. Waiting to see if maybe my tea leaves would tell me on my own. This was not the case here. Lily sensed this pair's-(What was their names?...Donna and ...Ben) reluctance was fueled by not being very proud of the question they needed answering, and were having trouble find the right words in which to frame a question. I must be a delicate subject.

She finished her preparations and stepped back into her living room carrying a tray with a very old siver tea pot and 3 ornately designed small tea cups. " Ok" said Lily "This is how it works. I need a bit of info about what answers you are looking for. you tell me The subject of the issue,

problem, question. Then drink your tea down to the bottom. You will see the small grains of herbs at the bottom of your cup. Lily sat down opposite the pair and gently set the cups down and will begin telling me what truth is by inspecting the patterns in which the grains sit.

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other. "maybe you then, Ben?"

It was such a normal day when Lily awoke this morning Sooooo mundane and average. Comfortable. Just as Lily preferred. Why did she have to pry? Why couldn't she just let it be? Her whole world has been shaken by the words that left Bens mouth. Her cozy mediocre home has been stripped away, the thick walls of blissful ignorance no longer there to protect her with indifference.... This shit was too deep. And how the fuck was she really supposed to help them who TRULY needed help. She was no fucking psychic. She just did this gig to pay the bills. I was no fortune teller. My skill lay in the ability to read people not tea leaves.

"ok" said Lily trying desperately to maintain her fake smile. Desperately feeling like they looked to her moments ago. Uncomfortable and feeling she would never know comfort again. She took a deep breath. "ok. So tell me this one more time. Slowly and don't leave out any important details." Ben looked at Donna. " You tell it this time." then nodded Lily's way "Give her your perspective of the whole thing."

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